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THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

REVIEW OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.

Mr. Woodbury's Address, delivered in the Hall of Representatives, before the American Historical Society, at their second annual meeting, January 20th, 1837.

This is a pamphlet of some sixty odd pages, and is the result of a wise and patriotic association of gentlemen, who, for purposes of national advantage, have established themselves into an Historical Society.

The first address of the Society was delivered by a ripe and accomplished scholar, the honorable Lewis Cass. He had the wide and almost unexplored regions of American speculation to traverse, and his peculiar studies qualified him in a happy manner for his task—how he fulfilled the duty imposed upon him by the Society, the public has seen, in a beautiful and masterly address. To follow in the footsteps of such a man was a difficult and perilous undertaking—to soar over the same high subjects, and wing his flight with the same unflinching power, was a task which few men would willingly have encountered, and yet, in our opinion, Mr. Woodbury has accomplished the labor with signal success. We propose to devote a brief space to a notice of this performance, and we do so with feelings of pride and congratulation. We are pleased to see the leading politicians of the day turning aside from their stormy paths, to tread the shaded walks of literature and art, and wish that they would more frequently avoid the contact and contagion of the dark and violent strifes of party, and devote their high attainments to subjects of a calm and philosophical nature. We enter upon this duty of the notice with the same feelings professed by Mr. Woodbury when he takes his first step into the sacred temple of history. "Let us," he says, "put off the partisan of the day, whether in religion or politics, as well as discard our favorite theories of philosophy and political economy, and seek faithfully to do justice."

The objects of the American Historical Society, Mr. Woodbury informs us, are, "to discover, procure, and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical history of America in general, and of the United States in particular."

With the ancients, history was the twin sister of poetry. Indeed, she was one of the muses. She was supposed to preside over the shifting changes of the world's matters, and take her flight from time to time to some high and commanding elevation, far in advance of civilization, and prophecy as well as record. Her memory was with the past, her hopes were with the future. Her duty was to analyze, condense, philosophize; to teach the present generation and preach to a coming one by the stern lessons of experience—to give a halo to virtue and drive vice into the howling regions of a withering and accursed immortality.

The genius of the moderns is peculiarly historical. We stand upon the isthmus, which divides the chaotic and revolutionary past, from the almost millennial prospects of the time to come. We have (we speak of the world at large) advanced to the highest pinnacle of power in the arts, sciences, and politics. Gathering about us the bright attendants of victory, and placing liberty in the van, we have marched over the oceans and vast plains of antiquated and classic despotism. The Americans are peculiarly situated. They are the first ripple upon the broad surface of a far circling ocean.—They are the first grand and almost, we may say, universal experiment at free government. We are the reversers of the olympic games of the nineteenth century: those lofty contests in which the prizes were civic honor and imperishable renown. To foster these great ends of competition in honor, the Historical Societies have been created in this and other countries, and they will fulfil a grand design. The harmonies of history will be preserved—the great harp of time will be struck by vigilant and nervous hands, and our children and their children will travel back on golden threads of tradition, chronology, and analogy, and run over the gamut of their country's history to the murmurs of melodious symphonies.

Mr. Woodbury has well remarked that "the record merely of battles and changes in dynasties, or a series of chronological tables of remarkable events, and which constitute the most general idea of the design of history would, in the brief as well as republican career of the United States, be literally the "short and simple annals of the poor." He also says, referring to documentary history: "If its contents throw new light on the progress, powers or resources of any state, it is immaterial; whether it be only a newspaper or manuscript, or relate only to the voyage of some hardy fisherman to throw the hook or harpoon in unexplored seas, or to the description of even the smallest insect which glitters in the sunbeam—the shell, whose conch is the "blue and boundless sea"—the ore, that sleeps beneath the mountain side—or the plant, whose leaf is sometimes the shield as well as food for both man and the worm." Again: "A more accurate acquaintance with the signs of valuable minerals, may also change the prosperity of whole States, by leading to the discoveries of lead, coal, iron, and salt." The attention to these branches, Mr. Woodbury classes among the duties of the society, and we cordially agree with him. In as much as to the eye of the great Columbus, the existence of a continent was proved by the sea grass and drifting wood, so to the eye of the philosopher important truths are shadowed forth in the minutie of nature, and policies of whole States may be changed by the discovery of mineral mines "in their midst." To mark down these discoveries as they are made—to keep a record of their progress, will be of great interest and importance to future times, and it will be the province of this Society to perform that service to posterity.

We are glad that Mr. Woodbury has reminded the Society of these various branches of duty. The importance of this minutie mineral and vegetable history

is of growing importance, and we will instance that import by the following case. The whole South we will suppose is adverse to the system of internal improvements. Acting under the general policy of that region, mineralogy has not been attended to that plough, alone has turned up the bosom of the earth—no curious searcher has penetrated into her rich mysteries, and vast beds of coal, and iron, and gold lie beneath the surface, unknown to the lazy ploughman that whistles to his toiling team. Suddenly, a "specimen" is turned up to the careless clown—the owner sees it—speculation is set on foot—discovery is made of the hidden treasure—action takes place in the Legislature—the whole surface of the country is dug up for mines—railroads are opened—intercourse breaks in with golden and salutary rays upon the secluded and hitherto unfrequented country. "A change comes o'er the spirit of its dream," and every thing rises in value, and with every thing, mind takes a towering and mountainous flight. The policy of half a word is changed by the furrow cutting implement of husbandry, called a plough. The era is marked out, not with a white stone, but with a piece of iron ore. "Thus we agree that history in its infancy would do well to mark down these matters, and then the genius of a people can be traced through the dim and far reaching lapses of time. We thank Mr. Woodbury once more for having called the attention of the Society to this, in our opinion, very important point. "It is thus," (and we quote the beautiful language of Mr. Woodbury) "that history becomes the useful schoolmaster of every age. Its pupils are the living—their lessons the monuments of the dead, in the record of their principles and their deeds."

Mr. Woodbury exhibits great strength in the brief outline he has drawn of the distinguishing characteristics of our ancestors. We quote the following serious and striking passage:

"The condition of many of the first settlers here led them at once to commerce, if it did not impose on them the necessity of a thorough course of training for self-government. Hence, most of their rulers were, from the first, voluntarily chosen, and it was not till some stability in business and progress in wealth were attained, chiefly by their own exertions, that many of the colonial establishments were deemed of sufficient importance to tempt from abroad the interference of much regulation, domination, and persecution, in the shape of government. But, the neglected condition of their first establishments; the daring character of the early emigrants; their habits of self-possession and self-legislation for most exigencies; the entire freedom of thought, feeling, and opinions they gradually cherished, and the feebleness of delegated power when imposed from so great a distance as Europe, kept up a constant education for independence, which must, without any tenuity, or a tax on tea, or the odium of stamp duties, have been on some other early occasion, whenever sufficient strength and numbers were obtained, and any slight provocation occurred to cause an explosion. "Coming events" had for some time "cast their shadow before." Their institutions and habits had made men bold, but not hard; intelligent, equal, plain-dealing, and just, though enterprising and shrewd; had promoted the employment of the facilities in useful action rather than the embellishment of the soil.

We take especial satisfaction at the tone and temper of Mr. Woodbury's reflections on the condition of the early settlers of this country. He establishes conclusively, that they were a firm, calm, reflective, and wise set of men, who dared every danger but that threatened by foreign bondage. They were, beyond all doubt, a people separated and appointed by the Almighty ruler of the world to work out his mysterious ends, and not like the reckless and houseless myriads that swarm like the locust-curse of Egypt upon our shores.

Our ancestors came under the same chain of connecting destinies that brought Christopher Columbus to this hemisphere. They were but a part of that mighty plan which is now developing itself so gloriously in the complete accomplishment of all republican hopes. They were men peculiarly adapted to the times—fitted to the mountains and morasses—educated to be the achievers of stern creeds, and the transmitters to other times of profound political truths. They were not the outpourings of jails and alm-houses, for then tyranny tolerated no such excesses as the latter, however abundant may have been the first—they were not a people who came over bawling for political ascendancy demagogues in the "green tree" and tyrants in the "dry," but they were a pious and a steady, or a chivalric and romantic race—the Plymouth pilgrims or the James river cavaliers, and they bent their reaping hooks and falchion blades to improve the soil, or defend their lives and property. They were not the frantic inmates of mad-houses, let loose upon a civilized people—the pick-pockets of London, too bad for Botany Bay, that paradise of decayed cockneys, but they were soldiers of the iron nerve and dauntless heart, and fit winners of a realm so surpassingly fair and lovely as this—and none but the descendants of such a race can with justice lay claim to retain the possession of this country, and to none other will the titles be ever yielded up. We regret that our limited space will not allow of copious selections. Altogether, we like the address—it is plain, manly, and unpretending, and what is more to our purpose, it is purely American—there is a throb and a beat about it that speaks well for Mr. Woodbury's love of country and devotion to the sterling land marks of a national character.

We have received the Southern Literary Messenger for July, and indisposition has prevented our perusing it with that attention which its general character deserves.

Mr. White, the publisher, is an indefatigable man; he is eternally at work; no pressure stays him in his course, but with the true blood of old Virginia, he "goes ahead." We like his devotedness to his work, and trust he will reap a rich harvest of merit and money from his physical expenditures of time, labor, and love.

We said we have been prevented from looking over his number, but we have a word or two to say to friend White, which might as well be "put in the composition stick" now as at any other time.

Mr. White has been much praised by the Daily press for the ability with which his Messenger it got up. We have generally agreed with that laudatory criticism, and the editor will believe us when we assure him that we find fault with pain.

Thy poetry is the "head and front" of the offending," Mr. Messenger. There is too much of that in it—exceivable. There would not be much of it if it all was like that sweet and glorious ballad of Semmes' published in the June number, a tale so delicately told, so feelingly whispered forth, that it reminded us of that pang of the brain, for it was nothing else, the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge, the bright-eyed man.

We do not speak in particular of this number for July, for as we have not read the pieces thoroughly, we would not pass our judgment thereon, but there have been other numbers that have been carefully read by us.

We will not pause now to particularize individual pieces of poetic composition that have appeared to us as not of the richest and rarest order. We regret exceedingly to say that we do find fault, for we have an especial friendship for the Messenger. But we love the true genius of poetry better than any work that serves as its conductor to our minds and hearts. We have around, in and about us, as a people and a country, the throbbing and teeming elements of the "divine art." We have it in our gallant recollections and wonderful history. Poetry with us can soar beyond the limits of ruined towers, ived gateways, and nodding plumes. It can float upon the translucent clouds of sunset glory, instead of the puny pennant of a knightly company—can call upon the admiration of the human heart in the surging thunder of Niagara, instead of the shrill yet beautiful blast of the cavalier's bugle. We can hear it in old memories of our fathers' courage, and in legends of a revolution which woke the soul from bondage to liberty and enthusiasm. There is no excuse for bad poetry in this country. We cannot pardon it. Though a rail road people, we are a poetical one. We have every facility to execute business in the morning, and every inducement to go into our arbores and quiet porticos in the twilight evenings. But we are not to perpetrate a long essay on the "poetic rage," our object was to throw out an opinion that poetry could assume the loftiest steps, and march in the sublime measure, if our bards would but cherish the right spirit, and assimilate themselves to the genius of their mighty and glorious land.

We hope Mr. White will be more careful in his poetic contributions. We throw out the general hint, though possibly we may be wrong. We may not have appreciated the high attributes of those contributions, but we must say that we miss the fine and excellent discrimination of Mr. Poe, the late editor of the Messenger.

Welcome to our correspondential shrine, thou silent and meek-eyed daughter of a sober people! We do not remember, throwing love reminiscences out of the range of retrospect, when we have read any billet with so much heartfelt pleasure as the following. To be prayed or by the Quaker girls, delightful anchor on which gleam our editorial weariness: we fancy we see them at the task even now, how prim and yet how

brows, their eyes upturned, their hearts thinking of the Editor, their lips moving, the prayer goes forth and we feel already a new spirit arise within us, or rather a strengthening of old pulses: we feel stronger and more ardent in the contest for which we have buckled on the armour. Thank heaven that already we have raised up a party in our favor:

We will hear of course from our fair correspondent again: her beautiful hand-writing proves that she is a practiced pen, and we will thank her to select much of our poetry for us.

Friend Brent—I like the first number of thy paper very much. If these holds out as well as thee has commenced they will make a very popular Editor. Thy paper I perceive is intended to produce a national feeling, which I think is very much wanting in our country; and although my creed has taught me to shun strife and contention of every kind, still somehow or other I could not but take great interest in the perusal of thy paper. I think thee will hold the foreign party very uneasy, which is not forbidden even to us quakers when assailed. The foreigners will soon take possession of our country, unless some check is put upon them, and I think the Native American Association the very best and only peaceable remedy for the evil. Thy cause is a good one, and deserves success; and thee may rely upon it, thee will have the prayers of all quaker girls, I send thee a scrap of poetry that thee may learn how to appreciate at least the girls of that sect.

Thy friend and well wisher.
RACHAEL.

There's many a lass with blooming cheek,
And many an eye that has learned to speak,
There's many a beauty jewelled out,
And many a wit at ball and rout,
And many a head for such will whirl—
But give me a beautiful Quaker girl!

There are those that please and those that charm,
There are those that boast of a lovely form,
Of every teeth or a pretty foot,
Or of having sprung from an honor'd root,
Or of hearts all decked with gems and curls,
But these are unlike the Quaker girls!

Have you ever gazed on a pretty face,
By nature deck'd with every grace,
That told of a soul all pure and bright,
Of a mind that glow'd with virtue's light,
That spoke of a heart to nature true?
'Tis the Quaker girl exposed to view.

Have you ever pressed a lily hand,
That shrinking, gave you a reviv'ing hand,
Have you ever chatted, (we all know how,)
And smiled at her simple "thee" and "how,"
Or laughed when she frankly told you "yes,"
'Tis the fashion you know, with the Quakeress.

There is kindness beaming from every eye,
And truth on every look and sigh;
And there is honesty breathed in every vow,
And it sounds no worse for its "thee" and "thou,"
So boast as you will of each lass you see,
But the Quaker girl is the one for me!

RUINS OF POMPEII. Isis is the identical spot where the priests concealed themselves while delivering oracles that were supposed to proceed from the Goddess!—Here were found the bones of victims sacrificed! and in the refectory of the obtestious priests, were discovered the remains of hams, fowls, eggs, fish and bottles of wine! These jolly friars were carousing most merrily, and no doubt laughing heartily at the credulity of mankind, when Vesuvius poured out a libation on their heads, which put an end to their mirth, and more effectually disturbed their digestion, than did the denunciation of our amiable Henry VIII. annihilate the appetite of Cardinal Wolsey! One priest scrambled! He helped himself to three hundred and sixty pieces of silver, forty-two of bronze, and eight of gold; which he wrapped in cloth so strong as to stand the wear and tear of seventeen centuries. He fled with these spoils of the temple, but was overtaken by death near the tragic theatre, where his skeleton was found grasping the treasure, in 1813. Few, indeed, have been able to clasp the mamon of unrighteousness so long in the cold embrace of death.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ANOTHER CLOVEN FOOT EXPOSED.

The Globe quotes from the Albany Argus, some animadversions against the Native American Association. I think the Globe had better mind its own business and attend to the "Madisonian," of which it evidently has its hands full.

The Argus calls the "Native American" "a pestilent print." Yeal! Verily. It is indeed "pestilent" to the enemies of the rights of Native Americans—to the enemies of pure republican principles and republican institutions. To all such, it is "pestilent"—just as temperance and exercise are pestilent to disease.

The Argus says, that the "Native American Association" "professes to wage 'a proscriptive warfare against all foreigners whom it stigmatizes,' &c. This is such a perversion of the truth, that to call it a gross falsehood would be no more than it merits. I confess I cannot but regard this with regret, for hitherto, I had been accustomed to pay the Argus unfeigned respect. But what can I, what ought I to think of a paper, that can thus wantonly and publicly asperse an Association in the very face of the record? I know not whether the Editor of the Argus is a foreigner or a native.—But, whatever he be, we know that in the revolution we had an Arnold; and we have no reason to suppose that foreign gold has yet lost its influence on this side the ocean.

"Who needs to be informed," says the Argus, "that this Native American feeling is exclusively of Whig origin?" True. We glory in this origin. It did indeed, begin with those good old Whigs, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, Madison, Carroll, and their worthy and venerated compeers. Yes, truly; this "Native American feeling" is of this Whig origin.—There is not a smack of old Toryism in it. They, with whom it originated, transmitted it to us vigorous and flourishing—and it still lives, and will live, in spite of all the powers of Europe and their hired presses.

The Argus strives to make the community think that we are connected with one of the political parties of the day. We will prove this charge to be false by our actions.

The Argus stigmatizes the principles of our Association with the epithet of "detestable." What are our principles? That foreigners who shall hereafter come to the United States, shall not acquire the right to vote for officers of Government, and to hold offices so easily as they now do. These are the principles which the Argus and every despot of Europe, who desires the subversion of our republican institutions "detest," from their very souls.

The Argus says ours are Federal principles, and will meet with the "reprobation of the democracy." Our federalism is the federalism of Washington, and our democracy, the democracy of Jefferson. Our principles may meet the reprobation of the Argus democracy, but we know it will not meet that of the Jefferson democracy. What says Mr. Jefferson in his letter to Madison, "say he, 'had been given to the revolution, General to employ no printer, foreigner, or revolutionary tory, in any of his offices.' These are the principles of the immortal Jefferson, the father of American democracy—and these are the principles which the Albany Argus says are 'detestable.' If it be modern democracy to 'detest' the principles of Jefferson as the Argus would have us believe, away with such democracy from us. We detest it. We go back to the democracy of '98 and 1801.

If a paper, professing to be democratic, had ventured in the day when Mr. Jefferson promulgated these principles, to stigmatize them as "federal," and "detestable," in what light would it have been regarded? It would have been a queer looking thing enough, and the Editor, verily, would have been a pretty looking democrat! Ha! ha! ha! The bare idea, is so ludicrous, it makes me laugh. But, people of the United States, mark! Be ye not deceived by names. Be assured, the man who at this day will venture to denounce the principles of Jefferson as "detestable," was never a democrat at heart! He has only worn it as a cloak to hide from your eyes his love of Kings and other monarchical deformities.

If it be modern democracy, to favor foreign influence and foreign domination here, away with it! We will have none of it. The Argus and its adherents are welcome to it all. But what right have they to fight for foreign powers under false colors? Doff that lion's skin and shew your hideous forms!

It is clear the Argus does not know "which side of its bread is buttered," or it would mind its own business and let the "Native American Association" alone. But if it will assail us, why, he it so. "Come on Mac-duff," and we'll see "who first cries blood! enough!"

Mr. Editor: With pain must our countrymen look at the various public works now in progress in this city, when he sees that the constructors, the superintendents, a majority of the mechanics, and nearly all the laborers, are foreigners—when the very culture of our indigenous shrubs and native trees, which only the native can be familiar with, is in the hands of one from a foreign land, where such things grow not and are unknown.

For myself, I am occupied, and therefore speak not, but I do feel the mortification deep and keen, as an American, that my own countrymen must remain idle and unemployed, while a whole train of foreigners are fed by the year, in this single city, from the public means. Not even a little ditch can be dug to lay the water pipes from the Capitol to the President's House, but forthwith a cordon of unknown foreigners is stretched from point to point, as if to mock us at our very doors. Whose is the task of remedying this? Do men in office think it unworthy of their stations to interfere, and therefore suffer the evil to increase—or do they neglect under favor of the old adage, that excess will cure itself!

If the first, they are unworthy stewards, and will meet with their just rewards; if the latter, then the people, our people, will rise in stern majesty and do that which has often been done heretofore, where Governments were faithless to their own subjects, they will speedily redress their own wrongs. But I say with a warning voice to those who drive, and those who join in driving us to this alternative, beware! I say, beware!

NAVY YARD.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Washington City, Aug. 23d, 1837.

Mr. Editor: I find so much more in your paper than the worth of my subscription, and consider the cause you are engaged in so completely that of every mechanic who loves either his country or his own interest that I add another mite to your funds by enclosing five dollars.

I do really believe that the "Native American" is the true standard for our countrymen to rally around in order to maintain their foothold in their own country, and protect themselves from being driven from their trades and workshops by foreigners. I am ready with tools and traps to lend you a hearty hand; and I believe more than one hundred thousand craftsmen would join, if the call could reach their ears—to do this, every man here should contribute what is reasonably in his power, so that the voice you have raised may be heard through every part of our land. I solemnly look upon this cause as the "religion of nature," and hold that every native is also solemnly bound to bring up his free will and offering to this altar.

A Mechanic of the 3d Ward.

We hope the example set by our old friend and correspondent will be followed. We know personally that he is not a rich man, but he is rich in patriotism, as many a well fought battle of the late war can bear witness. His wounds are honorable, but his undying zeal is as glorious as his scars.

To the Editor of the Native American.

Dear Sir: The foreigners are boasting that they will overthrow us. Let us rally and support our paper.—Let us show to the world that we are not traitors to our country—that we are not recreant cowards. Party papers are supported throughout the country with enthusiasm, and surely a paper that professes and actually does go with an entire devotion for the whole country, will be triumphantly maintained. I am willing to do what I can. Was I rich I would not let your publisher want for a single dollar for this twelve month to come. What little I can spare I will. I have stopped every other paper but yours, and you must work hard and make it as interesting as all those I have stopped put together. I send you five dollars, part as a donation, and part for one year's subscription. I am a laboring man and can do no more, and hardly this. I shall make my youngest boy read the "Native American" every Sunday morning, and if he does not grow up a good patriot, why it will not be for want of the proper food.

I am, most truly,

Your friend and countryman,

X

The following letter from a talented and gallant officer of the late war, dated in the far West, shows that the news of our efforts is borne upon the wings of the wind, and gathers, or rather calls out friends already gathered by the ties of nature from every point.

Franklin, Missouri, Aug. 1, 1837.

Dear Sir: I have derived much gratification from the perusal of the proceedings of a meeting of which you were on the score of old acquaintance, instead of the Corresponding Secretary. It so happened that only a few hours before your proceedings reached this region, the vicinity of Sun-set, which at present I inhabit, I had been giving utterance to sentiments precisely of the character, and of the patriotic bearing contained in your constitution. The gentleman with whom I held this discourse was Doctor W., the son of one of Patrick Henry's daughters. As if it constituted a part of his heritage, Doctor W. responded to the sentiments I ventured to utter, affirmatively, in language of glowing eloquence that would have done honor to his grandsire. I have frequently taken occasion, during the last two or three years, to express my opinion very freely in favor of repealing the naturalization laws, insisting that foreigners, resident among us, should think themselves fortunate in the protection of our Government, without indulging, insolently, in all the active means of legislation. I have entertained serious apprehensions that the press, and our leading politicians, from the dread of popular clamor, would defer moving in this important measure, until the mischiefs that we clearly foresee should have overtaken us—until foreign pauper and servile interest in this country should become too powerful to resist. Your Association deserves the thanks of all your countrymen, for having taken this bold and patriotic stand.

Elkridge Landing, Anne Arundel Co. Md.

Dear Sir: Being myself a Native American, and a firm advocate of the doctrine and views as expressed in the preamble and resolutions adopted at the first meeting of your Association, held in the City of Washington, and being desirous of rendering my feeble assistance in advancing the doctrines and views of the Association, I must respectfully request the favor of you to annex my name as a member, and also as a subscriber to your paper, the "Native American," which you will direct to be forwarded by mail to this village, commencing with the first number; upon receipt of which I will forward the amount of subscription, if so required.

As it is probable others of this village and its vicinity will subscribe to the paper, I would suggest that you forward to me a copy of your prospectus.

Very respectfully, your friend,

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EMIGRANTS.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in a letter dated "Steamboat Great Britain, Lake Ontario, Aug. 8," writes as follows:—

"You will be surprised to learn that we have now on board the G. B. nearly 1000 souls, including over 700 emigrants from Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, and Switzerland, who are, as they say, 'going over' to the states, having been sent over to our 'free country' via Quebec. The spacious decks of this noble steamer, above and below, are crammed with their bags and chests, on the top of which they are seated or lying down, men, women, and children, in a state of filth and degradation the most pitiable of which you can form any conception. Scarcely a woman on board without a company of children of some three or four, closely huddled around her in a group, with another at the breast."

ARDENT SPIRITS.—Sir Ashby Cooper says "I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits; and if persons could witness the white lives, the droopings, and the shattered nervous systems which I have seen, as the consequence of drinking them, they would be aware that spirits, and poison are synonymous terms."